

# THE MEREDITH EAGLE.

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## THE BLACK ROBE.

By Wilkie Collins.

—AUTHOR OF—

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "THE MOON-STONE," "AFTER DARK," "NO NAME," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE LAW AND THE LADY," "THE NEW MAGDALEN," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE PRIEST OR THE WOMAN?

Lord Loring was away to his dressing-room. "I won't be more than ten minutes," he said, and left Romayne and Stella together.

She was attired with her customary love of simplicity. White lace was the only ornament on her dress of delicate silver gray. Her magnificent hair was left to plead its own merits, without ornament of any sort. Even the brooch which fastened her lace pelorine was of plain gold only. Conscious that she was showing her beauty to the greatest advantage in the eyes of a man of taste, she betrayed a little of the embarrassment which Romayne had already noticed at the moment when she gave him her hand. They were alone; and it was the first time she had seen him in evening dress.

It may be that women have no positive appreciation of what is beautiful in form and color, or it may be that they have no opinions of their own when the laws of fashion have spoken. This at least is certain, that not one of them in a thousand sees anything objectionable in the gloomy and hideous evening costume of a gentleman in the nineteenth century. A handsome man is, to their eyes, more seductive than ever in the contemptible black coat and the stiff white cravat which he wears in common with the servant who waits on him at table. After a stolen glance at Romayne, Stella lost all confidence in herself—she began turning over the photographs on the table.

The momentary silence which followed their first greeting became intolerable to her. Rather than let it continue, she impulsively confessed the uppermost idea in her mind when she entered the room.

"I thought I heard my name when I came in," she said. "Were you and Lord Loring speaking of me?"

Romayne owned without hesitation that they had been speaking of her. She smiled, and turned over another photograph. But when did snatches of conversation ever act as a restraint on a woman's curiosity? The words passed her lips in spite of her. "I suppose I mustn't ask what you were saying?"

It was impossible to answer this plainly without entering into explanations from which Romayne shrunk. He hesitated.

She turned over another photograph. "I understand," she said. "You were talking of my faults." She paused, and stole another look at him. "I will try to correct my faults if you will tell me what they are."

Romayne felt that he had no alternative but to tell the truth—under certain reserves. "Indeed you are wrong," he said. "We were talking of the influence of a tone, or a look, on a sensitive person."

"The influence on me?" she asked. "No. The influence which you might exercise on another person."

She knew perfectly well that he was speaking of himself. But she was determined to feel the pleasure of making him own it.

"If I have any such influence as you describe," she began, "I hope it is for good."

"Certainly for good."

"You speak positively, Mr. Romayne. Almost as positively—only that can scarcely be—as if you were speaking from experience."

He might still have evaded a direct reply, if she had been content with merely saying this. But she looked at him while she spoke. He answered the look.

"Shall I own that you are right?" he said. "I was thinking of my own experience yesterday."

She returns to the photographs. "It sounds impossible," she rejoined, softly. There was a pause. "Was it anything I said?" she asked.

"No. It was only when you looked at me. But for that look I don't think I should have been here to-day."

"Why?"

"I should try to induce you to shut up your books, and choose some living companion who might restore you to your happier self."

"It is already done," said Romayne; "I have a new companion in Mr. Penrose."

"Penrose?" she repeated. "He is the friend, is he not, of the priest here, whom they call Father Benwell?"

"Fancies about me, Mr. Romayne?" Before he could answer the dinner-bell rang. Lord and Lady Loring entered the library together.

The dinner having pursued its appointed course (always excepting the case of the omelette), the head servant who had waited at the table was graciously invited to rest, after his labors, in the housekeeper's room. Having additionally conciliated him by means of a glass of rare liqueur, Miss Notman, still feeling her grievance as acutely as ever, ventured to inquire, in the first place, if the gentleman upstairs had enjoyed their dinner. So far, the report was, on the whole, favorable. But the conversation was described as occasionally flagging. The burden of the talk had been mainly borne by my lord and my lady, Mr. Romayne and Miss Eyrecoot contributing but little to the social enjoyment of the evening. Receiving this information without much appearance of interest, the housekeeper put another question, to which, judging by her manner, she attached a certain importance. She wished to know if the oyster-omelette, accompanying the cheese, had been received as a welcome dish, and treated with a just recognition of its merits. The answer to this was decidedly in the negative. Mr. Romayne and Miss Eyrecoot had declined to taste it. My lord had tried it, and had left it on his plate. My lady alone had really eaten her share of the misplaced dish. Having stated this apparently trivial circumstance, the head servant was surprised by the effect which it produced on the housekeeper. She leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, with an appearance of unutterable enjoyment. That night there was one supremely happy woman in London; and her name was Miss Notman.

Ascending from the housekeeper's room to the drawing room, it is to be further reported that music was tried, as a means of getting through the time in the absence of general conversation. Lady Loring sat down at the piano and played as admirably as usual. At the other end of the room Romayne and Stella sat together, listening to the music. Lord Loring, walking backward and forward with a restlessness which was far from being characteristic of him in his after-dinner hours, was stopped when he reached the neighborhood of the piano by a private signal from his wife.

"What are you walking about for?" Lady Loring asked in a whisper, without interrupting her musical performance.

"I'm not quite easy, my dear."

"Turn over the music. Indigestion."

"Good heavens, Adelaide, what a question."

"Well, what is it, then?"

Lord Loring looked toward Stella and her companion.

"They don't seem to get on together as well as I had hoped," he said.

"I should think not—when you are walking about and disturbing them! Sit down there behind me."

"What am I to do?"

"Am I not playing? Listen to me."

"My dear, I don't understand modern German music."

"Then read the evening paper."

The evening paper had its attractions. Lord Loring took his wife's advice.

Left entirely by themselves, at the other end of the room, Romayne and Stella justified Lady Loring's belief in the result of reducing her husband to a state of repose. Stella ventured to speak first, in a discreet undertone.

"Do you pass most of your evenings alone, Mr. Romayne?"

"Not quite alone. I have the company of my books."

"Are your books the companion that you like best?"

"I have been true to those companions, Miss Eyrecoot, for many years. If the doctors are to be believed, my books have not treated me very well in return. They have broken down my health, and have made me, I am afraid, a very unsocial man."

He seemed about to say more, and suddenly checked the impulse. "Why am I talking of myself?" he resumed, with a smile. "I never do it at other times. Is this another result of your influence over me?"

He put the question with an assumed gayety. Stella made no effort, on her side, to answer him in the same tone.

"I almost wish I really had some influence over you," she said, gravely and sadly.

"Why?"

"I should try to induce you to shut up your books, and choose some living companion who might restore you to your happier self."

"It is already done," said Romayne; "I have a new companion in Mr. Penrose."

"Penrose?" she repeated. "He is the friend, is he not, of the priest here, whom they call Father Benwell?"

"I have already had reason to think highly of him. Many men, after that experience of me," he added, speaking more to himself than to her, "might have asked me to find another secretary."

Stella heard these last words and looked at him in astonishment. "Were you angry with Mr. Penrose?" she asked, innocently. "Is it possible that you would speak harshly to any person in your employment?"

Romayne smiled. "It was not what I said," he answered. "I am subject to attacks—to sudden attacks of illness. I am sorry I alarmed Mr. Penrose by letting him see me under those circumstances."

She looked at him, hesitated, and looked away again. "Would you be angry with me if I confessed something," she said, timidly.

"It is impossible I can be angry with you!"

"Mr. Romayne, I think I have seen what your secretary saw. I know how you suffer, and how patiently you bear it."

"You," he exclaimed.

"I saw you with your friend, when you came on board the steamboat at Bologna. Oh, no, you never noticed me! You never knew how I pined you. And afterward, when you moved away by yourself, and stood by the place in which the engines work—you are sure you won't think the worse of me if I tell you?"

"No, no!"

"Your face frightened me—I can't describe it—I went to your friend, and took it on myself to say that you wanted him. It was an impulse—I meant well."

"I am sure you meant well." As he spoke his face darkened a little, betraying a momentary feeling of distrust. Had she put indiscreet questions to his traveling companion, and had the major, under the persuasive influence of her beauty, been weak enough to answer them. "Did you speak to my friend," he asked.

"Only when I told him he had better go to you. And I think I said afterward I was afraid you were very ill. We were in the confusion of arriving at Folkestone—and, even if I had thought it right to say more, there was no opportunity."

Romayne felt ashamed of the suspicion by which he had "wounded" her. "You have a generous nature," he said, earnestly. "Among the few people whom I know, how many would feel the interest in me that you feel?"

"Don't say that Mr. Romayne! You could have had no kinder friend than the gentleman who took care of you on your journey. Is he with you now in London?"

"No."

"I am sorry to hear it. You ought to have some devoted friend always near you."

She spoke very earnestly. Romayne shrank, with a strange shyness, from letting her see how her sympathy affected him. He answered lightly:

"You go almost as far as my good friend there reading the newspaper," he said. "Lord Loring doesn't scruple to tell me that I ought to marry. I know he speaks with a sincere interest in my welfare. He little thinks how he distresses me."

"Why should he distress you?"

"He reminds me—live as long as I may—that I must live alone. Can I ask a woman to share such a dreary life as mine? It would be selfish; it would be cruel; I should deserve the penalty of allowing my wife to sacrifice herself. The time would come when she would regret having married me."

Stella rose. Her eyes rested on him with a look of gentle remonstrance.

"I think you scarcely do women justice," she said, softly. "Perhaps some day a woman may induce you to change your opinion." She crossed the room to the piano. "You must be tired of playing, Adelaide," she said, putting her hand caressingly on Lady Loring's shoulder.

"Will you sing, Stella?"

She sighed and turned away. "Not to-night," she answered.

Romayne took his leave rather hurriedly. He seemed to be out of spirits and eager to get away. Lord Loring accompanied his guest to the door.

"You look sad and care-worn," he said. "Do you regret having left your books to pass an evening with us?"

Romayne looked up absently, and answered: "I don't know yet."

Returning to report this extraordinary reply to his wife and Stella, Lord Loring found the drawing-room empty. Eager for a little private conversation, the two ladies had gone upstairs.

"Well," said Lady Loring, as they sat together over the fire, "what did he say?"

Stella only repeated what he had said before she rose and left him.

"What is there in Mr. Romayne's life," she asked, "which made him say that he would be selfish and cruel if he expected a woman to marry him? It must be something more than mere illness. He had committed a crime, he could not have spoken more strongly. Do you know what it is?"

Lady Loring looked uneasy.

"I promised my husband to keep it a secret from everybody," she said.

"It is nothing degrading, Adelaide; I am sure of that."

"And you are right, my dear. I can understand that he has surprised and disappointed you: but if you know his motives—"

she stopped, and looked earnestly at Stella. "They say," she went on, "the love that lasts longest is the love of slowest growth. This feeling of yours for Romayne is of sudden growth. Are you very sure that your whole heart is given to a man—the best, the noblest of men—but still a man of whom you know little?"

"I know that I love him," said Stella, simply.

"Even though he doesn't seem, as yet, to love you?" Lady Loring asked.

"All the more because he doesn't. I should be ashamed to make the confession to any one but you. It is useless to say any more. Good-night."

Lady Loring allowed her to get as far as the door, and then suddenly called her back. Stella returned unwillingly and wearily. "My head aches and my heart aches," she said. "Let me go away to my bed."

"I don't like you to go away, wronging Romayne, perhaps, in your thoughts," said Lady Loring. "And, more than that, for the sake of your own happiness, you ought to judge for yourself, if this devoted love of yours may ever hope to win its reward. It is time, and more than time, that you should decide whether it is good for you to see Romayne again. Are you strong enough to do that?"

"Yes, if I am convinced that it ought to be done."

"Nothing would make me so happy," Lady Loring resumed, "as to know that you were, one day, my dear, to be his wife. But I am not a prudent person—I can never look as you can, to consequences. You won't betray me, Stella?"

If I am doing wrong in telling a secret which has been trusted to me, it is my fondness for you that misleads me. Sit down again. You shall know what the misery of Romayne's life really is."

With those words she told the terrible story of the duel, and of all that had followed it.

"It is for you to say," she concluded, "whether Romayne is right. Can any woman hope to release him from the torment that he suffers, with nothing to help her but love? Determine for yourself."

Stella answered instantly: "I determine to be his wife!"

With the same pure enthusiasm Penrose declared that he, too, devoted himself to the deliverance of Romayne. The loving woman was not more resolved to give her whole life to him than the fanatical man was resolved to convert him. On the same common battle-ground the two were now to meet in unconscious antagonism. Would the priest or the woman win the day?

CHAPTER IX.—THE PUBLIC AND THE PICTURE.

On the memorable Monday when the picture-gallery was opened to the public for the first time, Lord Loring and Father Benwell met in the library.

"Judging by the number of carriages already at the door," said Father Benwell, "your lordship's kindness is largely appreciated by lovers of art."

"All the tickets were disposed of in three hours," Lord Loring answered. "Everybody (the librarian told me) is eager to see the pictures. Have you looked in yet?"

"Not yet. I thought I would get on first with my work here."

"I have just come from the gallery," Lord Loring continued. "And here I am driven out of it again by the remarks of some of the visitors. You know my beautiful copies of Raphael's Cupid and Psyche designs? The general impression, especially among the ladies, is that they are disgusting and indecent. That was enough for me. If you happen to meet Lady Loring and Stella, kindly tell them that I have gone to the club."

"Do the ladies propose paying a visit to the gallery?"

"Of course—to see the people I have recommended them to wait until they are ready to go out for their drive. In their indoor costume, they might become objects of general observation as the ladies of the house. I shall be anxious to hear, Father, if you can discover the civilizing influences of art among my guests in the gallery. Good-morning."

Father Benwell rang the bell when Lord Loring had left him.

"Do the ladies drive out to-day at their usual hour?" he inquired, when the servant appeared. The man answered in the affirmative. The carriage was ordered for three o'clock.

At half-past two Father Benwell slipped quietly into the gallery. He posted himself midway between the library and the grand entrance, on the watch, not for the civilizing influences of art, but for the appearance of Lady Loring and Stella. He was still of opinion that Stella's "frivolous" mother might be turned into a source of valuable information on the source of her daughter's earlier life. The first step toward attaining this object was to discover Mrs. Eyrecoot's present address. Stella would certainly know it, and Father Benwell felt a just confidence in his capacity to make the young lady

serviceable, in this respect, to the pecuniary interests of the church.

After an interval of a quarter of an hour, Lady Loring and Stella entered the gallery by the library-door. Father Benwell at once advanced to pay his respects.

For some little time he discreetly refrained from making any attempt to lead the conversation to the topic that he had in view. He was too well acquainted with the insatiable interest of women in looking at other women to force himself into notice. The ladies made their remarks on the pretensions to beauty and to taste in dress among the throng of visitors, and Father Benwell waited by them, and listened with the resignation of a modest young man. Patience, like virtue, is sometimes its own reward. Two gentlemen, evidently interested in the pictures, approached the priest. He drew back with his ready politeness, to let them see the picture before which he happened to be standing. The movement disturbed Stella. She turned sharply—noticed one of the gentlemen, the taller of the two—became deadly pale, and instantly quitted the gallery. Lady Loring, looking where Stella had looked, frowned angrily, and followed Miss Eyrecoot into the library. Wise Father Benwell let them go, and concentrated his attention on the person who had been the object of this startling recognition.

Unquestionably, a gentleman, with light hair, and complexion; with a bright, benevolent face and keen intelligent blue eyes—apparently still in the prime of life. Such was Father Benwell's first impression of the stranger. He had evidently seen Miss Eyrecoot at the moment when she first noticed him; and he, too, showed signs of serious agitation. His face flushed deeply, and his eyes expressed, not merely surprise, but distress. He turned to his friend.

"This place is hot," he said; "let us get out of it!"

"My dear Winterfield!" the friend remonstrated, "we haven't seen half the pictures yet."

"Excuse me if I leave you," the other replied. "I am used to the free air of the country. Let us meet again this evening. Come and dine with me. The same address as usual—Derwent's Hotel."

With those words he hurried out, making his way, without ceremony, through the crowd in the picture-gallery.

Father Benwell returned to the library. It was quite needless to trouble himself further about Mrs. Eyrecoot or her address.

"Thanks to Lord Loring's picture-gallery," he thought, "I have found the man!"

He took up his pen, and made a little memorandum—"Winterfield, Derwent's Hotel."

(To be Continued.)

## TEMPERANCE.

WHAT IS DOING IN THE ENGLISH SERVICE.

The cause of temperance is making more satisfactory progress in the British army than in our own, judging by recent reports that have shocked the public sense. A largely attended meeting, presided over by the lord mayor of London, was held the other day at the mansion house under the auspices of the British national temperance league. The object of the meeting was to receive information regarding the progress of temperance in the army and navy. It appeared that in the army temperance branches had been formed in a large number of regiments, brigades and depots, some of which were superintended by non-commissioned officers. It was estimated that the number of teetotal soldiers in the service was 20,000; of these about 8000 were in service in India including 63 officers, chaplains and surgeons. The progress of temperance in the navy was equally satisfactory. When the league entered on its work in 1873 the number of temperance branches on board "the Queen's Navy" was 24, whereas at present, almost every commissioned ship in the service had its temperance organization, with registrar and other officials, acting with the full sanction of their commanding officers. So that all these might claim, with the Capt. Corcoran's remarkable crew, "We're sober men and true, attentive to our duty." Of the 60,000 men in the navy upwards of 7000 are registered abstainers, and the officers' branch numbered 158 members. Great attention was devoted to the 4000 boys in training for the service, more than one-half of whom were pledged abstainers. Admiral Sir William King Hall stated that he took "the pledge" about 18 years ago. He believed there were now about 10,000 abstainers, pledged and unpledged, in the navy. He advocated a more liberal scale of money allowances for provisions. The government allowed a man so much grog every day. If he chose he could take money instead. The money allowance for two days' rum was 5s 6d; whereas, if he took the rum he could easily sell it to one who wanted it for twice or three times that amount.

Chicago's receipts for 1880 include about a hundred and sixty-five million bushels of grain and flour, a billion and five hundred million feet of lumber, six hundred and fifty million shingles, and a hundred and twenty-five million dollars worth of hogs, horses, cattle, and sheep.

## ARIZONA TOWNS.

In the capital—after a rather pleasant trip of three days and a half, and two nights of staging—and a quiet, staid, delightful town it is. A thoroughly American town in appearance, full of fine stores, and cottages as clean, neat and tasty as if they had been transplanted from a New England village.

Phoenix is a pretty place with wide streets laid out at right angles, and fringed with tall, graceful trees. It is a dreamy place, and as still as is at some former period of its history it had taken a sleeping potion and had not recovered from the effects. Phoenix is one of those towns whose future is assured (though it may never be a great one) because it has one of the most stable industries on which to build—agriculture. In the long valley, when I came through it were large tracts of green alfalfa and barley, and but a moiety of it is under cultivation. In the immediate vicinity of the town, land could be purchased for \$100 per acre. The farms are fenced with cottonwood trees, and in the season when they are wearing all their magnificent wealth of deep green leaves, the sight must be beautiful. The Phoenix people told our party that there was two feet of snow at Prescott, and that the mercury sank to twenty degrees below zero.

Prescott—I skip from one to the other in perfect wantonness—has no industry to erect itself upon except mining, and though it is not exactly in a good mining country still it is near enough to hold its own in the race with the towns that must spring up nearer the mines. Prescott has had much to contend with. Her best mining properties have been badly managed, and everything that Eastern people have taken hold of has had a lawsuit pinned to it. It makes capital chary of investing. Prescott has also been so far from lines of travel that it has militated against her, but that difficulty will soon be removed and the capital will come here as it has done in southern Arizona.—*Corr. Arizona Silver Belt.*

## MISAPPREHENSION.

Some short time ago an old lady, resident in Klingshof, East Prussia, received notification through the provincial government of Königsberg, that her only son had died intestate at Padang, in the island of Sumatra, in the Dutch military service. This intimation was accompanied by the copy of a request, emanating from the Netherlands colonial department, that the natural heirs of the deceased would furnish the authorities at Padang with such documentary evidence as should justify them in handing over his property to the German consul for transmission to such heirs in due course. The story of this transoceanic heritage soon got wind in Klingshof, and assumed amazing proportions among the old lady's neighbors. Rumor speedily promoted the dead soldier to the rank of governor-general of Sumatra, and credited him with pecuniary accumulations amounting to two tons' weight of coined gold, an inheritance which, when his aged mother should come into its possession, could not fail to make her the richest woman in the whole province of East Prussia. One acquaintance offered her a handsome residence, another a complete set of new and costly furniture, a third money loans to a considerable figure. She, however, declined all these proffers, and forbore from changing her manner of living. Upon her inheritance reaching her hands she found it to consist of exactly seven shillings and three pence.

## A LOVELY VALLEY.

Over-Ammergau, where the passion play is celebrated, might very well become a favorite place of resort every summer, if it were only in a more accessible spot. The rich Bavarian valley in which it lies is surrounded by high mountains, precipitous and fantastic in outline. At one of the highest peaks a large gorge has been raised. Near Ober-Ammergau is the hamlet of Hinter-Ammergau, where visitors to the decennial passion play are also accommodated. Still further away, deep in the heart of the most mountainous regions of Bavaria, are other little towns most romantically situated. It is in this unknown region that the eccentric king of Bavaria has a palace. It is built on the shores of a beautiful lake, and is so little known to the public that it seems almost as vague and shadowy as the legendary castles of King Arthur and his knights. All this district, save Ober-Ammergau, is utterly unknown to English and American tourists.

## VIOBOTS OF INDIA.

It may be noted in connection with the question of Lord Ripon's retaining his present post of viceroy of India, that Lord Lawrence was the last viceroy who completed his five years' term. Lord Mayo was assassinated at the end of three years; Lord Northbrook and Lytton both retired at the end of four. On the other hand, Lord Canning, the first viceroy, so-styled, ruled India for six years. The first governor-general of India, Lord Bentinck, remained nearly seven years at his post; Warren Hastings, the first governor-general of Bengal, nearly twelve. His was the longest term of office, and it is not surprising that he was thus enabled to effect more than any of his successors, having had more time as well as more talent than any one else in this list of viceroys. His namesake, the stately marquis, comes next to Warren in the duration of his reign, nearly ten years.

## RELIGIOUS.

There are 339 Unitarian churches in the United States and Canada, and 401 ministers, four of them women.

"Do you write your sermons?" was a question sent up to Mr. Moody at a Christian conference in San Francisco. "If I did I couldn't read them," was the reply.

Owego merchants agree to close their stores at 7 o'clock p. m., except Saturdays, until the 1st of March, on account of religious meetings now in progress in that town.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey will probably visit England next summer. It is said they have already accepted invitations to attend the next Christian convention in Dublin.

Cardinal Manning forbids the Roman Catholic priests in England to eat pudding at dinner or smoke cigars after it, telling them that bread, meat and vegetables are all they need, and that whatever is more than these tendeth to gluttony.

One bishop, and eighty-five priests, of the Roman Catholic church, died in the United States, from November 20, 1879, to November 16, 1880, and one bishop and ninety-eight priests died from October 28, 1878, to October 28, 1879.

The establishment of a Congregational church at Rogers, in Arkansas, on the line of the St. Louis and Santa Fe railroad, is contemplated, the manager of the road having guaranteed the cost of a meeting house. This will be the first church of this order in that state.

The new hymnal for the Free Church of Scotland, which contains 376 hymns, was opposed in the Presbytery of Edinburgh, a motion for its rejection declaring that the "inspired psalter" had provided material for praise in the church for every possible condition, and that the use of "human hymns" was not a proper subject for discussion in Presbytery. Dr. Horatius Bonar showed that the historical argument is in favor of the hymn book, and a motion of President Rainer for its adoption was passed by 38 to 8 votes.

There are, all told, 778 Protestant evangelical churches in the city of New York, with an average membership of 300, which would give a total, say, of 233,400 communicants, and these would represent a population, say, of 800,000 to 1,000,000 persons. In addition to the regular churches, there are 118 chapels, missions and halls for evangelistic work, so that there is a grand total of 386 places of Protestant and evangelical worship, with accommodations for 275,000 persons.

Simon Short-Lightning and a number of other Dakota Indians, some of whom have equally terrific names, have united in a petition to the American board of missions for a church at Devil's Lake. In urging their cause they say: "The mercy of God has reached unto us, and by him we have been taught how we can live; therefore we desire that the Word of God should grow in this country, and for that we pray to God. Therefore we, though we are few, wish that a church should be made for us."

Cardinal Jacobini is less than ordinary size. He has a fine head, a noble forehead, and piercing eyes, and such a carriage as to make one almost forget his small stature. His hair is thick and rich, as white as snow, and contrasts beautifully with the red skullcap and the fresh color of his face. He is every inch a perfect gentleman and possesses in the highest degree the secret of making every body feel at home. His courteous manner and benevolent welcome, make his visitor almost forget the high dignity and important office with which he is invested. Though the temporal power has curtailed his sphere, the secretary of state of Pope Leo XIII. has yet, as the London Times said not long ago, such a wide sphere of action that the very position of the great chancellor of the German empire looks almost as a parochial office in comparison.—*Catholic Review.*

The London Tablet, in sketching the progress of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England during the past 30 years, brings together some interesting facts. The statistics in 1830 were: 8 bishops, 826 priests, 17 religious houses of men, 24,000 school children and 507 churches and chapels. In 1880 they stood thus: 14 bishops, 1962 priests, 134 religious houses of men, 204,752 school children and 1175 churches and chapels. It is believed that this increase is larger than anything of the kind that has ever been recorded within a similar period in the history of the Roman church in England. This increase in the number of the clergy, secular and religious, and in the churches and schools, is chiefly due to an enormous immigration from Ireland, which began with the development of the cotton trade, and reached its climax about the time of the Irish famine.







**TO GRATIFY HIS WIFE.**  
An Interesting Story—A Hopeless Case  
Cured—A Good Reason For  
Happily.

Statement of Mr. Washington Monroe,  
of Catekill, Green County N. Y.

"For many years I had suffered from  
a complaint which the physicians called  
Gravel. I had employed some of the  
most noted doctors without obtaining  
permanent relief, and for a long time my  
case was regarded as hopeless. All who  
knew the circumstances said I must die.  
Finally, my wife induced me to try a  
bottle of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy,  
which she had some where heard of  
or seen advertised. Without the slightest  
faith in it, but solely to gratify her,  
I bought a bottle of a druggist in our  
village. I used that and two or three  
bottles more, and to make a long story  
short—I am as healthy a man as there is  
in the country.

Since then I have recommended "Fa-  
vorite Remedy" to others whom I knew  
to have suffered from Kidney or Liver  
complaints, and I assure the public, that  
the "Favorite Remedy" has done its work  
with a similar completeness in every  
single instance, and I trust some other  
sick and discouraged mortal may hear of  
it and try the "Favorite Remedy" as I  
did."

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Having recently added to their extensive  
Job Office a Campbell fast Cylinder  
Press, they are prepared to do all  
kinds of Job Printing more expeditiously  
and at lower rates than formerly.  
Always in stock the largest assortment of

**Paper, Stationery and Fancy Goods**  
IN THE STATE. CONCORD, N. H.

**WANTED.**

We desire to engage for the coming season competent

**COAT MAKERS,**  
A permanent situation and the highest  
wages given to desirable work  
women.

Address stating experience, &c.,

**E. W. WOODWARD & SON,**  
Successors to Woodward, Baker & Co.

**Merchant Tailors**

**Woodward Bld'g, CONCORD, N. H.**

**ARLINGTON HOUSE**  
(ON EUROPEAN PLAN.)

**P. A. Roberts, Proprietor.**  
Cor. Causeway & Canal Sts., BOSTON.  
Nearly opp. Fitchburg and Eastern Depots.

**SUPERIOR ROOMS AND BEDS,**  
50c., 75c. and \$1.00.

Ladies' and Gents' Dining Rooms.  
Open Sundays. Baggage taken from  
Depot free. n25-10-1y

**HOLIDAY GOODS**

In greater variety than ever before, consisting  
in part of Jewellery, Melodians, Toys, Sil-  
ver Plated and Willow Ware, Photo &  
Auto Albums, Stationery, Bibles and  
Heads, Cerebrators,  
"Brackets, Work Boxes, Sil-  
verware, Boxes, Desk  
Spice Boxes, Velvet  
and Knives, Frames,  
Stairway, Pocket Books, Pocket  
and Table Cutlery, Y. sec. Toilet Sets,  
Work Stands and Baskets, Sticks, Cuffs,  
Cigarette Cases, and a great variety of Toys, at

**The 99c. Store.**  
Opera House Block, CONCORD, N. H.  
at 10-10-10

Established 1847.

**GARDNER COOK**  
Manufacturer of and Dealer in

Sash, Doors and Blinds, Window  
Frames, Mouldings, Brackets,  
Stair Rails, &c.

Birch and Fancy Wood Mouldings cut to order

**SCHOOL HOUSE FURNITURE.**  
Ap-theatry Cases and Drawers, Pack-  
ing Cases, Hosiery Boards, &c.  
LAACONIA, N. H.

**AGENTS WANTED**  
GOLDEN THOUGHTS ON

**HOPE**  
By Rev. T. L. CUTLER, D. D.

It is a rare and precious book, and one that  
every Christian should have. It is a book  
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help you to live a better life, and  
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**Meredith Eagle.**  
ISSUED BY THE  
Eagle Publishing Company,

**SATURDAY, FEB. 6, 1881.**

**LOCAL AFFAIRS.**

**MEREDITH MATTERS.**

C. W. Morrison is selling goods  
in his line cheap.

Wind and snow together have  
made traveling precarious in this  
region.

There was a good class of begin-  
ners at the opening of Prof. Colby's  
dancing school Wednesday night.

John Dearborn, milkman, has  
nearly 100 customers. He has built  
up a good business since he began  
in 1873.

A Relief Fund box has been  
given to our G. A. R. by J. A.  
Lang with contributions from each  
of his employees.

The up Montreal Night express,  
Tuesday evening, was kept at New  
Hampshire till 7 o'clock the next  
morning on account of a freight  
train being stuck near Ashland.

Wilson & Shepard's Meredith  
Musical and Dramatic Company will  
shortly appear in new plays, songs,  
comic sketches, etc. An entire new  
wardrobe and stage fixtures. For  
particulars see posters and pro-  
grammes. Date, Feb. 28.

The Meredith Village High School  
spring term will begin Monday, Feb.  
14, and continue on weeks. Tuition:  
common English, \$3.00; higher En-  
glish, \$4.00; Latin, \$5.00. This is  
a "tuition term," and the inter-  
ests of all pupils who enter, will be  
consulted. Fred McIntire, principal.

Having sold the patent for the  
"ranger," we shall sell all plows now  
made at the same prices as heretofore.  
Any one wanting repairs or  
extras after this spring can procure  
them by calling on or sending by  
mail to O. N. Roberts, one of the  
former firm, Meredith Village, N. H.

Meredith Village Savings Bank on  
the first of January, 1881, had de-  
positors, \$180,435.47; surplus, \$5,  
625.05; guaranty fund, 7,039.00;  
loans on real estate, 138,493.59;  
loans on personal security, 17,089.59;  
county, city, town, and district  
bonds, 18,701.06; railroad bonds,  
5,590.00.

Under its present management  
the Eagle will in no way retro-  
grade, but will rather improve upon  
its former management, for impor-  
tant changes will soon be made that  
will be a source of gratification to  
its numerous and appreciative read-  
ers. This paper is now firmly estab-  
lished, and its advertising patronage  
is good, which shows the estimation  
in which it is held by the community,  
for they are too sharp to advertise  
and pay the prices demanded where a  
paper has a small circulation and  
little influence. The competition of  
other papers, has stimulated us and  
will continue to do so, as all will  
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patrons their money's worth, and  
will be pleased to correct any errors  
that may have unavoidably occurred,  
if they will be brought to our at-  
tention.

L. W. Cram who owns a farm at  
Meredith, but who has been for  
twenty years a general agent in  
New England, is now introducing  
among the farmers of this State and  
Vermont, a new plow made by the  
Syracuse company of Syracuse, N. Y.

This plow is a combination of  
the "Granger" invented by Mr.  
Wadleigh, of Meredith, and for  
some time manufactured by the  
Wadleigh Plow Co., and the chille  
plow formerly made by the Syra-  
cuse Co. It combines the excel-  
lence and discards the blemishes of  
both, and though a new thing in its  
present shape is rapidly coming in-  
to favor. We have given this im-  
plement a careful examination, and  
we do not see why it does not re-  
ceive all the promises made for it  
by the manufacturers, and there are  
many. Its beam is double, jointer  
standard and wheel standard are of  
steel, and the mold board is a com-  
bination of steel and iron chilled,  
warranted to outwear any other and  
to scour in soil where others have  
failed. The jointer can be shifted  
so as to take more or less land or  
more or less pitch, and can always  
be kept on a line with the plow.  
The wheel can be run under the  
beam or on one side; the beam is ad-  
justable for spring or fall plowing,  
for two or three horses, and the  
handles can be adjusted to accommo-  
date a man or boy. With it is in-  
cluded a corrugated plow point and  
jointer point that are claimed to be  
a great improvement over any  
others now in use. The plow is sold  
for seventeen dollars, which is about  
five dollars less than other plows  
can be bought for, and if it works  
as well as it looks it is cheap enough.  
A steel plow costs more than an iron  
one, but it is conceded that the per-  
fect plow can only be made with a  
steel beam, iron being too heavy,  
clumsy and brittle, and wood too  
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man can afford to get any other. In  
these days the best farm implement  
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and the material used is, as far as  
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in every town to introduce the plow,  
and he will, upon receiving applica-  
tions, make the necessary arrange-  
ments. His post-office address is  
Center Harbor, N. H.—*Manchester*

**LOCAL MARKET.**

RETAIL PRICES COLLECTED WEEK.

Beans, lb., \$1.25 200  
Butter, lb., 20 25  
Cheese, lb., 12 15  
Chest, lb., 12 15  
Chickens, lb., 10 12  
Eggs, doz., 10 12  
Lard, lb., 10 12  
Potatoes, bu., 50 60  
Pork, lb., 10 12  
Rice, lb., 10 12  
Saffron, lb., 10 12  
Sugar, lb., 10 12  
Tea, lb., 10 12  
Tobacco, lb., 10 12  
Wheat, lb., 10 12  
Yams, lb., 10 12

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rival. While we make no extrava-  
gant promises we intend to give our  
patrons their money's worth, and  
will be pleased to correct any errors  
that may have unavoidably occurred,  
if they will be brought to our at-  
tention.

L. W. Cram who owns a farm at  
Meredith, but who has been for  
twenty years a general agent in  
New England, is now introducing  
among the farmers of this State and  
Vermont, a new plow made by the  
Syracuse company of Syracuse, N. Y.

This plow is a combination of  
the "Granger" invented by Mr.  
Wadleigh, of Meredith, and for  
some time manufactured by the  
Wadleigh Plow Co., and the chille  
plow formerly made by the Syra-  
cuse Co. It combines the excel-  
lence and discards the blemishes of  
both, and though a new thing in its  
present shape is rapidly coming in-  
to favor. We have given this im-  
plement a careful examination, and  
we do not see why it does not re-  
ceive all the promises made for it  
by the manufacturers, and there are  
many. Its beam is double, jointer  
standard and wheel standard are of  
steel, and the mold board is a com-  
bination of steel and iron chilled,  
warranted to outwear any other and  
to scour in soil where others have  
failed. The jointer can be shifted  
so as to take more or less land or  
more or less pitch, and can always  
be kept on a line with the plow.  
The wheel can be run under the  
beam or on one side; the beam is ad-  
justable for spring or fall plowing,  
for two or three horses, and the  
handles can be adjusted to accommo-  
date a man or boy. With it is in-  
cluded a corrugated plow point and  
jointer point that are claimed to be  
a great improvement over any  
others now in use. The plow is sold  
for seventeen dollars, which is about  
five dollars less than other plows  
can be bought for, and if it works  
as well as it looks it is cheap enough.  
A steel plow costs more than an iron  
one, but it is conceded that the per-  
fect plow can only be made with a  
steel beam, iron being too heavy,  
clumsy and brittle, and wood too  
liable to shrink, swell or warp. No  
man can afford to get any other. In  
these days the best farm implement  
is always the cheapest. The work-  
manship on this plow is first-class,  
and the material used is, as far as  
can be seen, the best. It is the pur-  
pose of Mr. Cram to find some one  
in every town to introduce the plow,  
and he will, upon receiving applica-  
tions, make the necessary arrange-  
ments. His post-office address is  
Center Harbor, N. H.—*Manchester*

**LOCAL MARKET.**

RETAIL PRICES COLLECTED WEEK.

There is some talk of erecting a  
new grist mill.

Mrs. Dinsmore's cough and croup  
balm is unrivaled.

The Lyceum has been postponed  
on account of the revival meetings.

A writing school is in progress at  
the Neck under the charge of W. J.  
Collins.

Vittum's Musical Advocate will  
be issued from the News office this  
month.

The revival meetings, in spite of  
the weather, have been well attended  
this week.

The trains through here have been  
sadly late in many instances the  
past week.

Blake Bros. want a lot of tho-  
roughly seasoned bass boards one  
inch thick.

N. B. Wadleigh's mill has been  
stopped for a few days by reason of  
the cold weather.

The new Household sewing ma-  
chine sold by J. R. Quimby, is be-  
coming a great favorite.

C. H. Colby has lately obtained  
some fine stereoscopic views of Flori-  
da, which he will sell reasonably.

Judge Rollins and wife have come  
back from Dover whither they were  
called by the dangerous sickness of  
the former's mother.



